

The Yolo Democrat

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The Yolo Democrat

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gill, has paid me my full claim. Such prompt-

ness is very commendable, and recommends

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All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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A few doors above his old place, in the same
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Furniture of all kinds. Give him a call.

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dence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak
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DR. W. T. LUCAS,
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First-class. Terms reasonable. my2w

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FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.

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All kinds of Country Produce Bought at the
Highest Market Price. my2w

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OTTO SCHUEB, Prop'r.

Families supplied with Fresh Bread, Crack-

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Wedding Cakes Supplied to Order.

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Near Capital Hotel. my2w

J. W. KING,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.

None but first-class work allowed to leave
this Gallery.

COME AND SEE US. my2w

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PIONEER MUSIC STORE.

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AGENTS FOR THE
Knox Piano Fortes and the Prince's Organs.

New Music received every day. Instru-

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S. A. WOLFE,
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S. W. Cor. J and 5th Street, Sacramento.

FIRST-CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY.

OUR TIMBER GOING FAST.

Mr. David A. Wells publishes a letter

from James Little, a Montreal lum-

ber merchant, relative to the destruc-

tion of forests in the United States and

the Dominion, says the Boston Courier.

According to this dealer, who has half a

century's experience in the business,

but four of the Northern States are

now able to furnish timber beyond

their own needs. Of these four, Maine

is all but stripped of its pine, and even

the spruce is going fast, so that the

people of that State will in a few years

find themselves without building tim-

ber enough for their own wants. In

five or six years the white pine of

Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota

will have disappeared. The reports of

lack of water are not to be taken too

soon, for the lumbermen are not excep-

tionally dry seasons, as to the fact

that the lumbermen are penetrating

further and further from the main

streams. Indeed, the mill-owners are

now building railways to reach the

last remote sources of the timber sup-

ply, and, of course, the end cannot

under such circumstances be far distant.

It is true the public domain in the

North and the South contains an

immense supply, but Secretary Schurz

has lately called the attention of the

country to the depredations which are

being made on the timber absolutely

necessary for the needs of actual set-

tlers. Again, Mr. Little says that we

cannot look to the Dominion for an in-

exhaustible supply of timber when our

forests shall have disappeared. "I will

assert," he says, "from a personal

knowledge of most of the timber sec-

tions of Canada, and trustworthy re-

ports from others, that we have not,

from the far-off province of Manitoba

to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as much

pine, spruce, hemlock, oak, elm, white-

wood and other commercial woods,

as would supply the whole consump-

tion of the United States for a period of

three years." Considering the fact

that five-hundred millions of dollars

would not purchase abroad the lumber

annually consumed in the United

States, and that a supply can hardly

be freighted from the Pacific Terri-

tories, it is easy to see the necessity

of more vigorous measures to prevent

the spoliation of timber districts still

in the public domain. Doubtless

the time will come when tree-

planting will receive the encourage-

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1878.

A Long Journey.

"We sail to-day," said the captain gay, as he stepped on board the boat that lay so high and dry. "Come now, be spry; we'll land at Jerusalem by and by."

Away they sailed, and each craft they hailed; While down in the cabin they bailed and bailed; For the sea was rough, and they had to luff And tack, till the captain cried out "Enough!"

They stopped at Fern, this jolly crew, And went to Paris and Timbuctoo; And after a while they found the Nile, And watched the sports of the crocodile.

They called on the Shah, and the mighty Czar, And on all the crowned heads near or far; Shook hands with the Czar, they really did! And lunched on top of the pyramid!

To Africa's strand, or northern land, They steer as the captain gives command; And by so fast that the smoke-mast the Nile Goes quivering, shivering in the blast!

Then on to the ground with a sudden bound, Leaps Jack—'twas a mercy he wasn't drowned! The sail is furled, the smoke-mast is hoisted; "We've been," cry the children "all round the world!"

By billows tossed, by tempests crossed, Yet never a soul on board was lost! Though the boat be a sieve, I do not grieve, They sail on the ocean of "Malo-believe!"

—Josephine Pollard, in St. Nicholas.

Ma's Old Beau.

The recent revelations concerning dead forgeries at a criminal trial at Chicago, remind us of an incident that occurred a few years ago, in the vicinity of St. Louis, which seems to me to be worth relating.

Clara and Mary Merwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting-room of their pleasant home in a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an estate, as they supposed, of the value of some forty thousand dollars, but they had learned quite recently that the property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprived of it all. This discovery, as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and anxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to read, to converse, to work, or to do anything but brood over their great misfortune.

While they were thus occupied with sombre thoughts, a buggy drove up in front of the house, a man alighted, and the buggy drove away.

The man mounted on to the shady side of fifty, to judge from his grey hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manners indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I am obliged to introduce myself," he said, smiling and bowing in a courtly manner. "Abner Pierce. Here is my card—professional card. You will perceive I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I'm not here to hurt you, but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend to your family—that is to say, although it is many years since I have seen any member of said family. I always had the highest possible regard for your now united mother, and nothing would please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you," murmured Clara.

"Thank you," I happened to hear—no matter how—that you are in trouble; and I have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I am actually an honest man, although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may express myself clumsily."

"I am free to admit," said Clara, "that we need assistance, and that we have not known to whom to look for it."

"Very well. It is a good thing, no doubt, that I have come. Now sit down and tell me all about it."

Clara Merwin, who was the elder of the orphans and leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, which had never been heard put in an appearance, and presented a mortgage, with bonds included, executed by the late Mr. Merwin, upon all his real estate for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell anything, he had tied up their money in bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them with further without pay.

"This is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce. "You need money—that is the first thing to attend to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape, and that won't be long, I hope. How much do you owe?"

"More than one hundred dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well-filled pocket-book, and handed it to her.

"For your mother's sake," he said, when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it. He then accepted the young lady's invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went in to dinner with them.

"Is there any place where I can smoke?" he asked, when they had returned to the sitting-room.

"You can smoke here," said the impulsive Mary. "A always smoked here, and we are used to it."

So he took a meerschaum and some tobacco from his valise, and was soon puffing away with an air of great content.

"I can think better when I smoke," he said. "Did you have any legal advice in the matter of that mortgage, Miss Merwin?"

"Yes, sir," replied Clara. "Our lawyer said it was a plain case against us, although it was strange that we had never heard of the mortgage before."

"Very strange. What is the name of the man who holds it?"

"Alexander Campbell."

"Hum. A good name, but a bad man, I am afraid. When and where can I see him?"

"He will be here this afternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes, if we will make him a deed of the real estate, to

give up the bond and mortgage, leaving our money in bank and the rest of our personal property."

"Very liberal. Introduce me to him when he comes, as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."

Mr. Alexander Campbell called in the course of the afternoon, and was made acquainted with Mr. Abner Pierce, at whom he looked suspiciously; but his eyes fell when he met the old gentleman's intent gaze. Mr. Pierce glanced but slightly at the deed which was being offered for the consideration of the ladies, being occupied in studying the countenance of the man in whose favor it was drawn.

"I can't decide upon it just now," he said at last. "As a friend of these young ladies—standing, as I may say, in loco parentis—I must make a few inquiries concerning the value of the property. Suppose you come after supper, Mr. Campbell, and suppose you bring that mortgage with you. I have no doubt it is all correct, but would like to see it."

Mr. Campbell assented to this, and withdrew. Abner Pierce filled his pipe with nervous haste, but also with tobacco, and Mary brought him a light.

"I know that you have some good news for us," she said, "I can see it in your face."

"No, my child. I hope and trust that it is very good. A good name, but a bad man, I said, and that is true. I think I see my way out of this difficulty, and the money I lent you is safe. But you mustn't interfere with me, young ladies. I feel sure, I am sure, I may say so, or object to it. You must trust me, and let me work in my own way."

After supper, when Abner Pierce had enjoyed another comfortable smoke, he conversed with the girls concerning their mother as he had known her in her youth—a subject upon which he grew quite eloquent—Alexander Campbell came in, bringing the deed and mortgage, both of which he handed to Mr. Pierce for examination.

"I have made inquiries concerning the property," said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it is not worth more than the amount of the mortgage. This appears to be correct," he continued when he had examined the instrument. "It is properly acknowledged, and the signature is undoubtedly that of Philip Merwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to court to execute that deed."

The girls' countenances fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their champion.

"This reminds me," said the old lawyer, picking up the mortgage again, "of an occurrence which fell under my eye in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tennessee case was undoubtedly a fraudulent affair; but there is a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so down-hearted, young ladies. What will be must be, and it is useless to brood about it. As I was about to say, a man died in Tennessee, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow was about to administer upon his estate, when a man who was unknown came forward and presented a mortgage similar to this, and for exactly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familiar with the signature of the deceased, and pronounced correct. Although there was no doubt as to the validity of the deed, it could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them, who thought that he had transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mortgage and brought it to me, and I happened to be in the neighborhood. I have in my possession a very powerful magnifying glass that had been presented to me—the most powerful single lens I have ever seen. With this I examined the signature, and lo! it was the signature of the deceased. I was so struck by the similarity, that I had no doubt as to its being the same man. I was so struck by the similarity, that I had no doubt as to its being the same man. I was so struck by the similarity, that I had no doubt as to its being the same man."

"Here is the glass," continued the old gentleman, taking it from his pocket, "and you can see for yourself how well it magnifies. Now, as I look at this forty-why, bless me, the same signs are visible that I saw in my Tennessee mortgage! I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr. Campbell. My Tennessee man's name was Alexander Bell, and he had a camp to it since he came to Missouri."

Campbell, his face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.

"I believe I will keep this, Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents. I don't think you could take it by force from me. Here is something that shows five times. Going, are you? Very well, I don't think you will be molested, if you will leave this part of the country and never return here. It is barely possible that the estate of Philip Merwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so, I advise you not to try and collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the penitentiary. Good night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

"What is it? What does this mean?" asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smiling, bustled about to fill his pipe.

"You are so dull, my child? Why, the fellow is a swindler and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the affair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my two hundred, and then we will straighten up matters. Thank you, Mary, you are very kind to give me a light."

"Don't you mean to punish him?" asked Mary.

"It would hardly pay. We could put him in the penitentiary, but you might lose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. I have no doubt, and good riddance to him. Ah! This is comfortable. I know that I feel better, and I hope that you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been lifted from their minds and hearts. Alexander Campbell, alias Bell, departed, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitude and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said Clara, when he was about to leave.

"It was for your mother's sake, my child. And for her sake, if I can ever help you, all I have is at your service."

Abner Pierce has made visits to the orphans frequently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for Ma's old beau—Exchange.

Did He Tell a Lie?

The following story was run through three generations, and has been located at almost every large seaport on both sides of the Atlantic, but it will bear occasional repetition: There was a merchant-ship-owner of Liverpool (a Quaker) who prided himself on his unimpeachable and unimpeachable honesty. He would not have told a downright falsehood to save the value of his best ship. Jacob suffered one of his best ships to set sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance upon either vessel or cargo. At length he became uneasy. He was confident his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared for her safety. In this strait he went to his friend Isaac. He called him friend, though Isaac was under the impression that Isaac was one of the children of Israel.

"Friend Isaac," he said, "I would like to insure my ship which is at sea. I should have told it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If you cannot have the policy signed, all ready for delivery, at three o'clock on the afternoon of the morrow, I will send and get it and send the money in full."

Isaac did not seem to be anxious to insure the ship, but his assured friend, an unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her, he said he would have the policy made out to take effect on and after three o'clock the following day, but to cover the ship and cargo from the date of her leaving India.

Early on the following morning Jacob received a message from the hand of a captain just arrived to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost.

Isaac was so surprised at anything that he had heard, that he was not sure he had not made it up; at all, or if it was made out and not signed, he would not sign it. What should he do? He wanted to act honestly. It was not right to let Isaac go and make out that policy under such circumstances. Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his confidential clerk and sent him with this message:

"Tell Mr. Isaac, that I have heard of his ship, and that the policy is not signed he need not sign it."

The clock was close upon the stroke of three when the clerk arrived. Friend Jacob's message was delivered. The ship had been heard from, and if the policy was not yet signed he need not sign it. "I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said.

"No, sir," Isaac answered, promptly and emphatically. Now, in truth, the policy of the ship was not signed, but when he heard the message he judged that the ship was safe, and that Jacob sought to save the heavy item of premium he had agreed to pay.

"No, sir," he said, "it was not in time. It is past three o'clock; the policy is signed. I will go and get it."

He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and having directed the clerk to return the sum which had been agreed upon, he returned to his study.

The end can easily be imagined; and it is not difficult to see the error of the two felt most sore over the matter.

A Shark Story.

The Providence Press tells this story, apropos of a shark story in the April number of the Wide World. I happen to know J. T. Payne: "He describes the capture of a shark, and its dissection at sea, and says that after the heart had been removed from the body and placed upon the deck, it kept up its contractions for a period of twenty minutes, or half an hour, just the same as when in place and performing its office of pumping the blood to the various parts of the body. We, in company with the late Surgeon MacGregor, used to go to the beach at Newport, Rhode Island, and watch the shark, and he would come in and take the bait, and then we would take the shark and dissect it."

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Doing up Men's Linen.

Some time ago my husband used to complain that his linen collar did not sit nicely in front. There was always a fullness which, in the case of standing collars, was particularly trying to a man who felt a good deal of pride in the dressing of his neck, as it often left a gap for the display of either the collarband of the shirt or a half-inch of bare skin.

While talking with a practical shirt-maker one day, he mentioned his annoyance, and inquired if there was any means of relieving it. "Yes," answered the man, "the fault lies with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter the impression that Isaac was under of the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise and not lengthwise. Then, in straightening out your shirt-bosoms she makes another mistake of the same sort. They, also, ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband up somewhere directly under your chin, where it was resting of old, and of spoiled the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too long, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination."

The speaker was right. As soon as my husband ordered the necessary changes to be made in the methods of our laundry, a wonderful difference manifested itself in the appearance of that most important part of his clad anatomy, his neck. Let me commend the shirt-maker's hint to distressed men.—N. Y. Evening Post.

HINTS TO VISITORS.—Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way; and, at the same time, be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which all together make up what the world agrees to call good manners.

Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the clock, and do not keep your friends sitting up until later than usual, and do not be roaming about the house an hour or two before breakfast-time, unless you are very sure that your presence in the parlor will not be unwelcome to the guests.

A visitor has no excuse for keeping a whole family waiting, and it is unpardonable negligence not to be prompt at the table. There is a place to be good manners, and any manifestation of ill-breeding here will be noticed and remembered. Do not be too ready to express your likes and dislikes for the various dishes before you. The wife of a man who is a guest at a dinner party, and who is not acquainted with the hostess, should be particularly careful not to offend her.

"No, sir," he said, "it was not in time. It is past three o'clock; the policy is signed. I will go and get it."

He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and having directed the clerk to return the sum which had been agreed upon, he returned to his study.

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Edison in Washington.

Mr. Edison was in Washington with his little phonograph the other day, and exhibited it with some most astonishing results. There had been private seances previous to the regular exhibition, and Mr. Edison had not thought, as he should, to remove the evidences of them. He is a careless man as to the minor details of life, and the wonder is, so numerous have been his misfortunes on this account, that he ever lived to finish his talking machine and the pity too perhaps. Thus, when Mr. Edison first set the machine going, it called out:

"David Davis is a great, hulking clown, and thinks he can make up in size what he lacks in brains! He can never be President—I can tell him that!"

"Who said that?" said Mr. Davis, turning round with such violence that he broke the chair he sat on.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Edison, blushing painfully. "It is of no consequence, I assure you. Merely a little indiscreet conversation by Sam. Cox."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Davis, with an air of intense relief. "It's all right, sir, all right."

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Story of a Hippopotamus.

In a recent number of *Land and Water* Mr. Frank Buckland has a few words on the death of an old friend, one that has been familiar to visitors at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens for the last twenty-eight years. As it contains much of interest, we quote it for the benefit of our friends:

The old hippopotamus died on Monday last, March 11th, at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. He was presented to the Society by the Viceroy of Egypt, May 25, 1850. He was then quite a baby, and was accompanied by an Arab keeper named Hamet. Hamet remained with his charge for about a year, after which the resident keepers took care of the animal. For the last two or three winters it was noticed that "Obash" (for that was his "little name," from the name of the river where he was caught) was noticed to be in a failing condition, getting thin and emaciated; but during the summer, when he could get plenty of green food, and the weather was warm, he picked up flesh again. The Council, perceiving that the health of the animal was not satisfactory, thought it wise to purchase the young hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam. This King Hippo the Second is now in a very thriving condition, but at present he is too young (not being two years old) to be entrusted with safety in the society of the two females, who might pitch into him. There has been no organic disease found in the old animal. It is probable that he died simply from sheer old age.

"Obash" had simply friends of whom he was very fond, and to whom he was very gentle; to some people he had great sympathy. He particularly disliked men with working fustian and corduroy clothing. To this cause were owing the many broken teeth fractured by his rushing against the bars of his house, one single bit of a tooth broken off weighing as much as two pounds and a quarter.

In my "Curiosities of Natural History" (1873) I mentioned the clever mode adopted by Mr. Bartlett in extracting one of his teeth, which was done so easily, that you will be glad to know that I have succeeded in performing perhaps the largest dental operation on record. Our male hippopotamus has been, as you know, suffering from a fractured tooth, and fearing that the consequences might be serious, I had a strong oak fence fixed between his pond and the iron rails, and I then determined to remove the broken tooth. This I accomplished, but not without a fearful struggle. I had prepared a powerful pair of forceps more than two feet long; with this I grasped his fractured incisor, thinking, with a firm and determined twist, to gain possession of that fine piece of ivory.

This, however, was not so easily done, for the brute, amazed at my impudence, rushing back, tearing the instrument from my hands, and looking as wild as a hippopotamus can look, charged at me just as I had recovered my forceps. I had made another attempt, and this time held on long enough to cause the loose tooth to shift its position, but was again obliged to relinquish my hold. I had, however, no occasion to say, "Open your mouth," for this he did to the fullest extent; therefore I had no difficulty in again seizing the coveted morsel, and this time drew it forth with a good, sharp pull and a twist out from his monstrous jaws. One of the most remarkable things appeared to me to be the enormous force of the air when blown from the dilated nostrils of the great beast while enraged. It came against me with a force that quite surprised me.

It is thought probable that hippopotami do not live to a great age, the reason being (1) that the time of gestation is only seven months; (2) that the young animal born in the Gardens has attained its full size in six years. "Obash," compared with this young one, did not grow so fast; he was not considered full-grown till his tenth year.

The old female was also presented by the Viceroy, July, 1854. They were kept together and produced the first young one on February 21, 1871. "Obash" died two days after birth. She produced a second young one January 6, 1872. This died on the 10th. I had the pleasure of carrying him to the Gardens, the other in my Museum at South Kensington. The third was born on November 5, 1873, and called "Gay Fawkes." She is still alive, and now quite equal in bulk to her mother, the only perceptible difference being the size of her head and teeth, which are smaller, else it would be difficult to tell the mother from the daughter.

This, therefore, is the generation of the hippopotami at the Zoological Gardens.

This image shows a blank, aged, light brown page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured, slightly mottled appearance with visible creases and discoloration. A dark vertical strip runs along the right edge, possibly indicating the binding or the edge of the book block. There is no text or other markings on the page.

